



pointblank times

a lesbian/feminist publication houston, texas **35¢**
vol. 1 no. 9 december 1975

50¢ OUT OF STATE

Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape
Susan Brownmiller (Simon & Schuster;
\$10.95)

In the beginning of her book, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, Susan Brownmiller states "Man's discovery that his genitalia could serve as a weapon to generate fear must rank as one of the most important discoveries of pre-historic times, along with the use of fire and the first crude stone axe." She goes on to document rape--its role in different cultures and civilizations (e.g. as a means of procuring a wife); a review of the psychological and sociological studies and theories accounting for rape; a profile of rape in our society.

Brownmiller does pretend to approach the subject with the objectivity of a Martian observer, as is the usual practice in sociological studies. This is not another book about "women," it is a book about *us*, as Brownmiller emphasized throughout the book, by interjecting her own personal experiences and realizations. Her style is a refreshing change. It makes the book human and honest.

Many women will buy this book out of curiosity only to set it aside after a few pages, because it is immediately and throughout a frightening book, frightening in a very horrifying, personal way. This is because Brownmiller's main point is that rape is not a freakish, isolated crime of an oversexed pervert or a mentally distorted psycho against a foolish, unwary woman. Instead she convincingly argues that rape is "a conscious process of intimidation by which *all men keep all women* in a state of fear."

Before you decide unpleasantness is reason enough to avoid the book, consider that until we have the courage to understand, in all its overwhelming brutality, the phenomenon described by Brownmiller, we will have to take the first step

towards our own liberation. The problem must be confronted before it can be solved. Read this book, and through the rougher passages, hold a friend's hand and consider how much harder it would be to read it while living with a man. It is a book that will bring women together, first for comfort, and then to express and hopefully act on our anger and outrage and take some action on our own behalf.

Brownmiller feels that the most often proposed course of action for women, i.e. more locks on the door, male escort after dark, initials in the phone book, etc., is an attempt to provide a private solution where there is none. While conceding that all people should be alert and on guard in potentially hazardous situations, she says that for women "to accept a special burden of self-protection is to reinforce the concept that women must live and move about in fear and can never expect to achieve the personal freedom, independence and self-assurance of men."

One of the many changes in society she sees as necessary to eradicate rape is teaching women to fight back. Men have a psychological advantage in a physical confrontation with a woman because from childhood, men have been encouraged to fight. Little girls, however, learn to cry, plead, and look for a male protector. This imbalance has left women with a victim complex that must be overcome if women are to learn to defend themselves.

Beyond strongly recommending self-defense courses for women, which is still on the level of a personal solution, Brownmiller points to deep-rooted and broad areas of our culture which need to be made over. Our fairy tales, television shows, movie idols, pornography, and newspaper stories all reinforce the violent, macho male stereotype which is epitomized in the rapist, and the submissive role of women. Rape is an outrage with a long history, and we need to think in terms of long-range solutions. For many people, this book will be a beginning.

Dear PBT

What it is, Sisterlove? I hope all is well in Houston. All is fine with the Association of Black Gays-LA. We're growing by leaps and bounds. We finally got our own mailbox it is: ABG, (RIC) Box 112, 1610 N. Argyle, Hollywood, CA. 90028.

We are too large to continue to meet in homes. Our next step is a permanent meeting place and telephone and newsletter...Money! We finally got at least 10 black women as a permanent part of the group.

Keep us in touch with Texas and spread the news of us and help us encourage growth of ABG's everywhere.

Black love, lesbian style to you,
Gloria Brown

Dear Sisters:

Please send a sample issue of your newspaper for which I enclose 35¢, as suggested by the *New Woman's Sourcebook*. You are the nearest newspaper to me, I

Letters Cont.

know of, besides *Hard Labor* from Fayetteville, Ark, which I write and distribute for. Our Harrison, Ark. women's center is 15 strong and beautiful, seven of us lesbians. We are the most energy in both cities. Now you know us, we are here and glad to know you. We'll all have to have a conference.

Love,
Mary, Jasper, Ark.

Follow Up

PBT recently encouraged all our Texas readers to contact Senator John Tower and urge his support of the federal gay rights bill. Bruce Voeller of the National Gay Task Force writes: "Thanks to you, Senator Tower seems to be coming around. Do keep up the pressure. It looks very encouraging."

Keep contacting Senator Tower--or do so for the first time. As Texans we are in a unique position to win the support of a conservative to our cause, and thus point the way for other Senators to support us who usually aren't expected to back "liberal" causes.

Write:
Senator John Tower
Russell Senate Office Bldg., Suite 142
Washington, D.C. 20510

series producer is Frieda L. Werden, who can be contacted at P. O. Box 1267, Austin, Tx., 78767

Meanwhile, Station KCHU, 90.9 FM of Dallas/Ft.Worth announces a new gay radio program called "Just Before Dawn". It is aired live Wednesdays from 7-8 p.m. and replayed 1-2 p.m. on Thursdays. It will include news, commentary and music from gay artist.

Gay Radio

The Longhorn Radio Network in co-operation with the Gay Academic Union is working on a series of half hour programs to be entitled: "What's Normal? An Examination of Changing Sexual Lifestyles in Our Society?" The

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Mailing address: P. O. Box 14643, Houston, Texas 77021
Next Deadline: December 10, 1975

We welcome all contributions. It would help us save time if articles could be typed double space, with a line length of 80 characters. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped periscope if you wish to have your contribution returned to you.

Staff: Alison McKinney/Amanda/Barbara Cigainero/Ellen/Phyllis/Pokey Anderson/Susan/Vicki Glasgow/Jo/Linda Lovell



Point of View



Dear Barbara

My copy of *PBT* was waiting when I got home today, always a joyous event. My joy was short-lived as I read your commentary on Fred. I think there's been a serious communication problem, and I hope you accept this rebuttal in the spirit in which it's offered.

As the "News" portion of the "Fred" article accurately quoted, Fred said his *public* remarks on the gay rights issue will be general. Your commentary took him to task for being unwilling to deal with specific gay grievances. There's a great deal of difference between public utterances and action.

I can't fault Fred for not addressing gay municipal employment on, say, television. The last poll I read on the subject indicated that 70% of the general population opposes gay rights. I would guess that figure is higher in Houston. For Fred to do so would be political suicide. Your point about blacks ten years ago is not well taken. We gays are simply not where blacks were then. How about blacks 40 years ago?

The point is that a politician who is not in office has little to offer us. A politician's first responsibility is to be elected.

So much for the public forum. How about specific actions?

I have sat in City Council Chambers and heard Fred announce into media tape recorders that if any gay municipal employee suffers discrimination, he wants to deal with the matter *personally*. That's specific. I heard him earnestly ask for details of police harassment against gays so that he can deal with the matter *personally*. That's specific.

Fred has given us the better of the choice between words and actions. That's

a refreshingly novel switch from the usual approach *a la* Sarah Weddington, Kay Bailey and Paul Ragsdale. He won't give us both *publicly*. As he said, he's a practical politician. The alternative is for us gays to once again become political cannon fodder as Houston's most liberal Mayor by far gets shot down waving the gay lib banner.

Fred went to some length at the meeting to explain why he will not include "sexual preference" in the Fair (?) Housing Code. It was the most difficult fight of his administration, and he sincerely believes that if *any* revision to the Code is introduced, the Code will be defeated in its entirety. His opposition is to *any* revision, not "sexual preference". *PBT* might have pointed that out. Those weren't words I wanted to hear, but I believe him when he says that's the reality of the situation.

I agree with you that the Gay Political Caucus should be aggressive. I was under the impression we were. But there is a point of pushiness where aggression becomes destructive, not constructive. Unlike Morty Manford, I fail to see the value of releasing mice in Council Chambers or of hanging blood-stained effigies outside the home of a Council member who does not support us. That partly explains why NYC's sixth try at municipal gay rights went down in flames last month.

For eight weeks, GPC has had speakers at City Council. We have more scheduled, including psychologists, psychiatrists, and social workers. We've personally approached City Council members. And it's doing some good. The Council is privately discussing gay rights seriously for the first time, and the matter is being studied by the Affirmative Action Department.

Gay peace and love,
Hugh Crell

Gay Ads

Austin, Texas is considered by many to be one of the most liberal cities in Texas in its attitudes toward gay rights. But these attitudes are apparently not reflected in the policies of its major newspaper--the "American-Statesman".

The newspaper refused advertising space last week to two local groups of lesbians. One ad was to have announced the November meeting of the Austin Lesbian Organization. The other was a classified ad by two lesbian landowners who wanted their ad to express a preference to rent their duplex to gay tenants.

When asked why they had rejected the advertisements, Evert Bushell, display manager, said, "We have policies against certain types of advertising. We have the right to turn down any advertising we want to, and we don't have to give any reasons for it."

According to the two lesbians who attempted to advertise their duplex for

rent, they had in fact advertised the same property in the paper before, but this was the first time they had identified themselves as lesbians and had expressed a preference to rent to gays. The landowners claim that the "American-Statesman" has run classified ads for housing and employment which specified "no gays" need apply.

Daily Texan

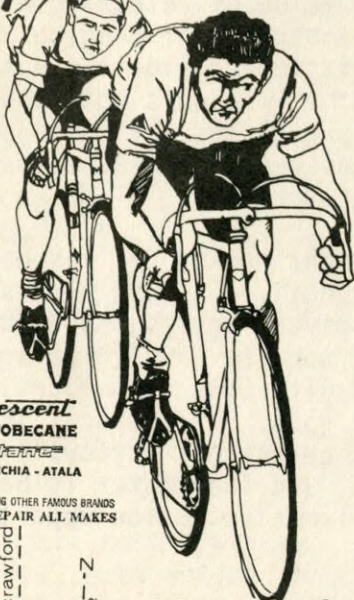
Austin Council

A member of the Austin Lesbian Organization, Janna Zumbrun, was recently appointed by the Austin City Council to serve on its Human Relations Commission. Zumbrun was endorsed by ALO, Austin Women's Political Caucus, Austin Now, and the U. T. Student Government City Lobby Committee.

The Human Relations Council handles discrimination complaints regarding employment, education, police treatment, and public accommodations.

Goodbye to All That

DANIEL BOONE cycles



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everywoman's yellow pages

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Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.
open later starting Dec. 8th

Coming Out Green



Speigel/Off Our Backs

A cold front had swept the city clean during the night, but Ann slept soundly through it, immersed in one of her favorite dreams. She and her alarm were such old friends that she sensed the impending buzz and woke up before it went off.

Ann stretched to the bathroom and rinsed her face awake before looking in the mirror over the sink. At first she thought it was the sun flooding through the window behind her that accounted for the green aura she saw reflected, but as her eyes

adjusted to the light, the short brown hair that she had awoken with every previous morning of her life was unmistakably green this morning! It glinted like spun emeralds, waved like the softest of spring meadows as Ann gently brushed her green hair. For the first time in her life she felt truly whole, as if a piece of herself, long missing, had been found.

Time began to flow again for Ann and she realized she would be late for work. Her sense of responsibility to her clients would not allow her to call in sick, so she reluctantly turned her thoughts to what she should wear. As she looked once more into the mirror, her blissful feelings of happiness and peace exploded and her stomach went into a dive, for it only now occurred to her that green hair had social implications. She tried to suppress sickening memories of her colleagues snickering over coffee and whispering about 'peaheads,' weirdos with unnaturally green hair. Ann shook her head violently. She was *not* a freak; but what would others think just seeing her on the street. She suppressed her panic, tabled her analysis of the situation and decided to wear her wig. Tucking every green strand underneath, she recovered her cool, and even felt a small twinge of exhilaration because this treasured part of herself was now concealed from callous strangers, preserved for her enjoyment alone.

For a while, Ann's chief pleasure in life was coming home, freeing herself from the wig, and rediscovering her beautiful hair. A secret is only fun for a while, though, and Ann began to suffer fits of depression and restlessness. She lost interest in reading and TV and began to spend her evenings brooding. And as she brooded, a heavy anger began to simmer and heave within her at the box she found herself in.

One unusually windy evening as Ann was driving home from work, she noticed a woman with her arms full of groceries walking along the side of the road. She recognized her as a neighbor and was about to pull over to offer her a ride when a sudden gust snatched off the woman's scarf. Even though night was falling rapidly, Ann could see that the woman's hair was green. Ann felt shock and then panic, but she had already slowed down, it was too late to bolt. She stopped the car, got out, and retrieved the woman's scarf. The walker had meanwhile set down her groceries and gratefully took the scarf from Ann, covering her head again.

"Can I give you a ride the rest of the way? I live down the road from you," Ann said.

"Why thank you! My name is Eleanor, and I really appreciate your help. This sack gets heavier every block."

When Ann stopped in front of Eleanor's house, Eleanor turned to her and said, "I know you must have seen my hair, and I just wanted to thank you for being so kind. I expected you to speed up and drive on." Ann started to reply but the words got caught somewhere, so she just waved her hand and Eleanor got out of the car.

At home, Ann sat down and tried to take stock of all the thoughts and feelings swirling through her head. She recognized a strong feeling of embarrassment that she

continued on page 10

Women's Works: a few contacts

Yes, I am an addict. Oh, it started quite innocently - a little here, a little there. Now I'm hooked, hooked on lesbian/feminist culture. It is really hard stuff - hard to get. But over the years I've built up some contacts, good people. And I'd like for you to know them. Maybe you'll celebrate the winter holidays by turning on a friend to them. And, who knows...maybe the friend will be yourself.

SMALL PRESSES

Four women's presses stand out among those that are publishing gems of womanexperience that have long been snubbed by big slick presses. Diana Press (brochure available from them, 12 West 25th St., Baltimore, MD. 21218) prints a selection including striking calendars and cards, poetry by Rita Mae Brown, and *Women Remembered*, which includes the real story on the "mystery" of Emily Dickinson's lovers.



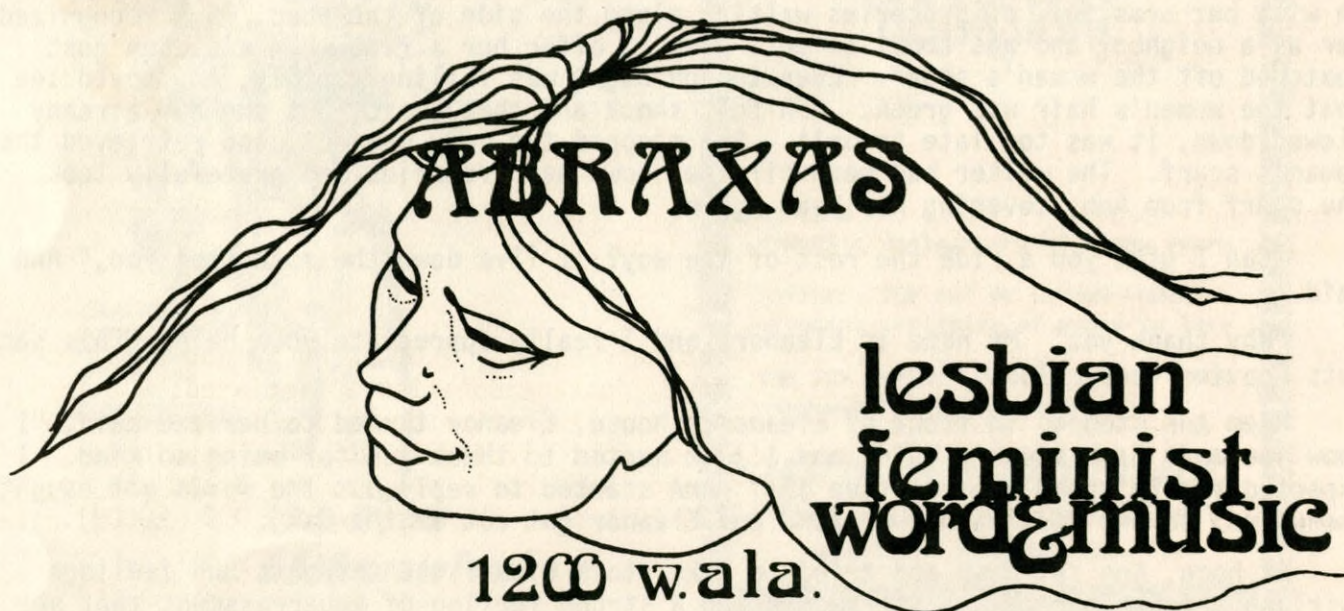
The Women's Press Collective (brochure available, 5251 Broadway, Oakland, CA. 94618) publishes work so strong you can almost feel taut sinews in the grain of the paper. They printed the classic *Edward the Dyke* by Judy Grahn and the remarkable new autobiography by Sharon Isbell, *Yesterday's Lessons*.

Daughters, Inc., launched by expatriate Houstonians, publishes fresh feminist and lesbian fiction. Some examples are *Rubyfruit Jungle*, *The Cook and the Carpenter*, and *Riverfinger Women*. (Brochure available, Daughters, Inc., Plainfield, VT. 05667).

KNOW, Inc. reprints hundreds of feminist articles, from "Why I Want a Wife" to "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm." Their new Christmas catalog includes offerings from various feminist enterprises. (25¢ from them at P.O. Box 86031, Pittsburgh, PA. 15221)

PERIODICALS

There are good listings of periodicals available in *The New Woman's Survival Sourcebook* and *A Gay Bibliography*. But I'd like to single out two of my favorites. *Quest: a feminist quarterly* is striving to contribute in-depth feminist theory and thought to our action-oriented movement. Their latest issue includes articles on feminist architecture and feminist religion. (Sample copy, \$2; sub, \$7, from *Quest*, P.O. Box 8843, Washington, D.C. 20003.)



Informal, accessible, and packed with announcements and opinions from all over, *Lesbian Connection* is a national monthly newsletter aimed at reaching all lesbians. (Subs free, donations welcome: Ambitious Amazons, P.O. Box 811, E. Lansing, MI. 48823)

MUSIC

Olivia Records, a national women's recording company, has just put out its second album, Cris Williamson's *Changer and the Changed*. Already their first album, Meg Christian's *I Know You Know*, is a hit. And Meg's "Ode to a Gym Teacher" is fast becoming basic lesbian lore. The story of Meg's crush on her eighth grade gym teacher is not over though. Meg reports: "Miss Berger has been found! I had diarrhea for two hours when I heard. And she likes the song." (For either record, if it's not available at your bookstore, send \$5.50 + .50 mailing to Olivia Records, P.O. Box 70237, Los Angeles, CA. 90070.)



Also hot is *The Deadly Nightshade* album. Their "Dance, Mr. Big, Dance" number strikes a sympathetic chord in the heart of every woman who has ever been forced to dance the servitude shuffle. (\$5.50 from Women's Merchandising Network, Box 450, Knickerbocker Station, New York, N.Y. 10002)

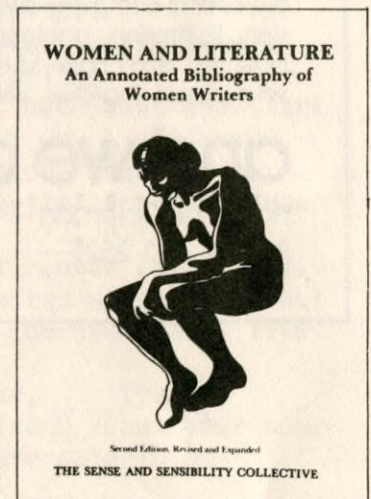
REVIEWS

Two of the most valuable sourcebooks embracing the many arms of feminist efforts are *The New Woman's Survival Catalog* (1973), and, just out, *The New Woman's Survival Sourcebook*. Editors Susan Rennie and Kirsten Grimstad have put together a pair of matchless directories.

Witty, intelligent, and enticing, *Women and Literature: An Annotated Bibliography of Women Writers* reviews 400 works of fiction by known and unknown women authors. (\$1.50 from Sense & Sensibility Collective, 57 Ellery St., Boston, MA. 01238)

For a concise, up-to-date list of non-fiction gay works, check *A Gay Bibliography* (25¢ from Barbara Gittings, Box 2383, Philadelphia, PA. 19103). If you are really a sapphic bibliophile, try *The Lesbian in Literature* by Gene Damon and Lee Stuart (\$10 from The Ladder, P.O. Box 5025, Washington Station, Reno, Nevada 89503).

An impressive and thoughtful review of small press lesbian literature has just come out in *Margins* magazine (Issue 23). Editor Beth Hodges has gotten such a good response she's preparing a sequel issue for the spring. (\$1 from *Margins*, 2921 N. Hackett, Milwaukee, WI. 53211; or from Pokey)



MAIL ORDER HOUSES

First Things First: Books for Women carries over 2500 books by and about women, including hard-to-get items. (Catalog free, postage donation appreciated: P.O. Box 9041, Washington, D.C. 20003) The largest gay liberation bookstore in the country is Lambda Rising, with 500 titles. (Catalog 25¢: 1724 20th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009) And for music by women, workers, and Third World people, try Bread and Roses Community Music Center (catalog 25¢: 1724 20th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009).

Pokey Anderson

She moves minds on stage
With lines of rage, of age,
Of subtle times and New York crimes

She recites with conviction
And afternoon diction
Late into the night
I call
And call again
When I need a friend there is no end

She reads me like a lie

Alison McKinney

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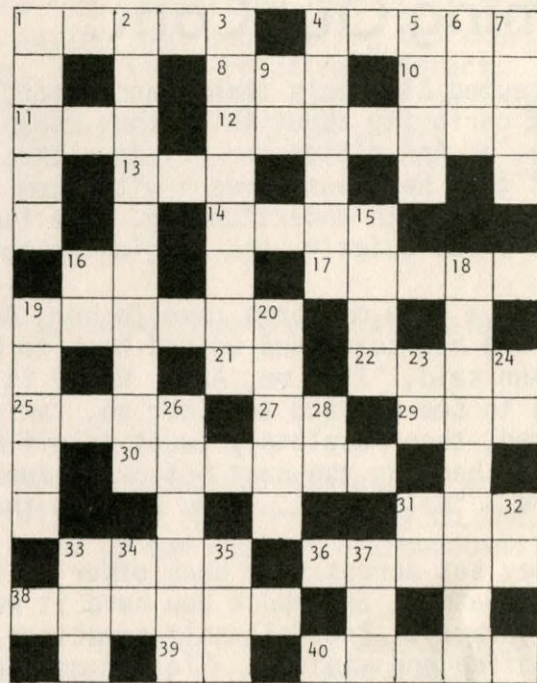
Address _____

Across

1. Author of *A Room of One's Own*.
4. A family of lions, or what homosexuals, in general, are learning to have.
6. The first victim of sexist oppression.
10. Ancient "sinful" cities, ___OM and Gomorrah.
11. Something men use to clean floors.
12. What most mothers seem to want their daughters to be--someday.
13. Masculine equivalent of "reine" (Fr.).
14. Unless more states ratify it, the ERA will be ___ and void.
16. Harold Nicolson's wife (initials).
17. Nickname of the first woman to be nominated as a Democratic candidate for Vice President of the U.S.
19. Men who don't seem to want women to take charge are always ready to let women ___.
21. Nickname of a famous baseball player who was known as the "Georgie Peach".
22. This has provided shelter for single women for many years (initials).
25. In the history of womankind, it has been tweezed, bleached, plucked, and finally left alone.
27. What a spanish-speaking "macho" might answer if asked if men were superior to women.
29. Feminist newspaper, "Big Mama ___".
30. According to World War II movies, women would do almost anything in return for these.
31. Western slang diminutive for "woman".
33. If all women were strictly homosexual, this part of the anatomy might atrophy after a bit of evolution.
36. Author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
38. What you feel about your lover sometimes and about your civil rights most of the time.
39. The second U.S. First Lady (initials).
40. What you would call a relationship in which one partner forms an axis.

Down

1. "___-identified Woman", a significant essay in the herstory of the Women's Movement.
2. What gay people have too much of.
3. Someone who doesn't believe in sex roles.



4. "___ of Pauline".
5. Saturday morning TV super hero.
6. John and Jane ___.
7. Last name of the founder of the U.S. Christian Science Church.
9. You don't seem to see many women in this type of hospital.
15. Edith Ann's creator (first name).
16. Against (abbreviation).
18. She led the way, but Lewis and Clark got the credit.
19. Famous photographer, Diane ___.
20. Singer and songwriter for Lima Bean Records, Willie ___.
23. Olympic medalist runner (initials).
24. A comedian who often works with Paul Lynde--some say she even looks like him (initials).
26. Famous track star, ___ Tyus.
28. If you are not frank about your homosexuality, you are said to be "___ the closet".
31. Gay Organization (initials).
32. In French, it's "La Beaute", but ___ Bete".
33. ___ the majority of lesbians are not (at least in the traditional sense, and at least for the time being).
34. The part of the cervix you can reach with a speculum.
35. Once ignited, now pretty much ignored.
37. What gay people pay as much of, but get less in return for.

Coming Out Cont.

had accepted Eleanor's thanks and respect without leveling with her. There were feelings of curiosity about this other woman--how does she cope, when did it happen. And finally, as Ann sifted her way down through her consciousness, she came upon the thought that here was someone with whom she could share her secret with a good chance of being met with understanding. The isolation she had been feeling overwhelmed Ann and she cried quietly, the longing to talk with someone was so strong.

When a calm of sorts came to her, Ann got up slowly, put on her going-out-cover-up hat and her coat, and walked back to Eleanor's house. When Eleanor answered the door, Ann said, "It's me, Ann. Would it be all right if I visited?" Eleanor was delighted to see Ann and told her so, taking her coat and waiting for Ann's hat. Ann hesitated, then resolutely swept it off her head and handed it to Eleanor. Eleanor had turned to hang up the coat but did a doubletake. "Of course! I should have guessed," she said. "Well, well. Come on into the kitchen, Ann. Let me fix us some coffee."

They sat across from each other at the kitchen table and chatted about their jobs and the weather, and about how hard it was to get around without a car (Eleanor's was in the garage). Ann felt self-conscious at first, but slowly relaxed as they sipped their coffee and visited. Eleanor got up to pour them another and there was a moment of silence when she sat down. Ann cleared her throat and spoke slowly:

"I've only been this way for a month now. Having green hair, I mean." She looked up from her coffee and Eleanor nodded. "You know, Eleanor, in some ways I have been terrified these past weeks, but in other ways they've been the best of my life, like I finally found out who I really am. I guess that sounds kind of silly though."

"No, of course not," said Eleanor. "I know what you mean, though it took me a little longer to decide I liked my green hair. I was still living at home when it happened to me. My mother came in to get me up for school one morning my senior year and woke me with a scream. She ran out of my room crying for Dad to come quick, and I ran after her, thinking she had hurt herself somehow. Ran right into my reflection in the full length mirror in the hall. It was a nightmare."

"What did you do?" asked Ann, leaning on the table intently.

"Well, my mother was hysterical and sobbing. She sent Dad to a drugstore for some dye and locked me into the bathroom with her when he brought it back. She told me to cooperate, it was for my own good, and rinsed my hair with this awful shoe-polish brown in the sink, crying all the while. I don't know whether you've tried dying or not, but you can't cover the green, at least I never found a dye that would. When she had finished and my hair dried, the green showed through still, tinging the brown. It was really sickening. I imagine that's why green-haired people have such a bad reputation, because it is pretty disgusting-looking if you try to cover it.

"What a terrible way to have it happen. What then?" asked Ann.

"Well, I remember being confused and frightened and not much else about the rest of that day. I stayed in my room mostly. At dinner we tried to pretend nothing had happened, but I would catch my mother looking at me with tears in her eyes, and I could feel my father's discomfort even though he tried to hide it. I quit school, got a job and moved out as soon as I could. That's about it. I write home sometimes, let them know I'm okay. I eventually gave up on dyes and let my hair grow out natural. Now I even like it. I guess you could call me a well-adjusted peahead at this point...."

"Please don't use that word," Ann interrupted. "It's ugly, it's not you."

"Sorry if I upset you. I don't really like the word either, but using it takes away some of its power to hurt me. I was just saying that considering the pressures put on people who are different in this society, I survived relatively intact. Not every green-haired person makes the adjustment. It's no wonder some end up in asylums, though there aren't nearly as many casualties as three-bees seem to think. It never seems to occur to them that they know green-haired people who didn't go crazy, just covered up."

"Three bees?" said Ann.

"Oh, that's my shorthand for the 'others,' those without green hair: black, brown and blonde, three b's."

"Neat," smiled Ann.

They talked late into the night, sharing their feelings of isolation, anger and frustration, conjecturing on the sources of verdiphobia, and speculating on the odds that things would change, so that who you were as a person was not overshadowed by the color of your hair.

At 2 a.m. Ann reluctantly said she had to go. Eleanor reached over and took Ann's hand, and then with her other hand reached out and gently stroked Ann's hair. Ann squeezed her fingers and didn't fight the tears as Eleanor continued to stroke her hair. Ann pulled Eleanor to her across the table and they touched heads under the light, their hair blending and shimmering like peacock feathers, though no one was there to see.

Ellen

PBT-Shirts

"Stunning!"

- *Women's Wear Daily*

"You must see them."

- *Judith Crist*

"Ring-a-ding-a-dingie."

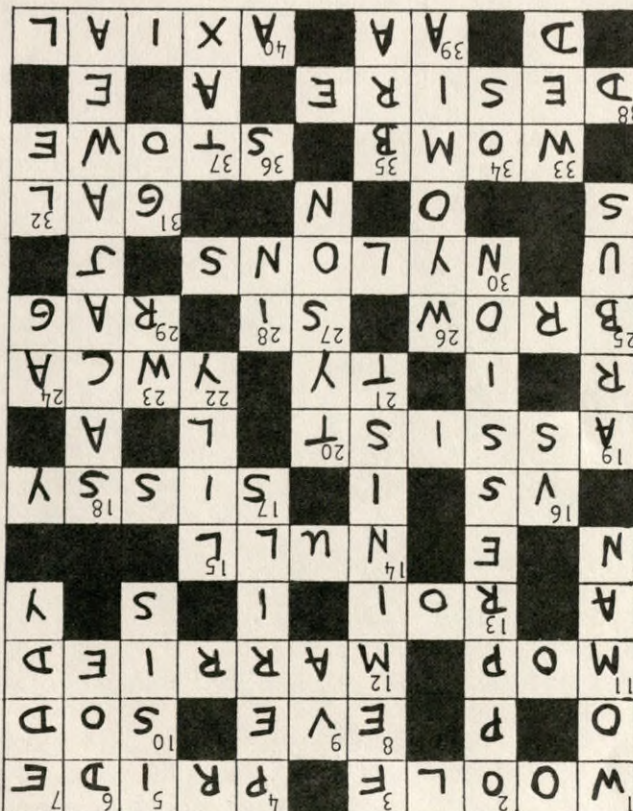
- *Lili Tomlin*



Design is silkscreened in brown ink on your choice of T-shirt color: sky blue, forest green, or sun yellow.

Available in Houston at the Women's Center (3602 Milam), Abraxas (1200 W. Alabama), or from various members of the PBT Collective.

Available by mail from *Pointblank Times*, P. O. Box 14643, Houston, TX. 77021. Send \$4.50 + 50¢ postage for each shirt along with your name and address. State choice of color and size: small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44), or extra large (46-48). (Medium fits an "average" woman from about 5'4" to 5'8".)



"Of Amenophis IV, we shall have more to tell later, but of one, the most extraordinary and able of Egyptian monarchs, Queen Hatasu, aunt and stepmother of Thotmes III, we have no space to tell. She is remembered upon her monuments in masculine garb and with a long beard as a symbol of wisdom."

H. G. Wells

The Outline of History

Hatasu
no one remembers you
who were so able
they buried you in a beard.

O
most extraordinary
aunt stepmother
of Thotmes III

you will not breathe
dressed as a stranger
stone in desert air.

I cannot grieve
your ancient death.
It happens every day.

We have no space to tell
the way we suffocate
in wisdom

lying
silent on our backs,
our lives ignored.

Dead Queen,
it is the common fate,
and a woman is nothing
unless she is a man.

Linda J. Lovell